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THE REAL

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GHOSTBUSTERS™



YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE



Hold on to your hats and watch out down below! Issue 39 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** will carry you to the heights of enjoyment when it takes off with **Ghoul Street Crash!** Several floors up, Peter finds himself on his own, out on a limb and with his head in the clouds! However, making money on Wall Street is the last thing on his dizzy mind. Gulp! Back at HQ, with all eight ghostbusting feet safely on the ground, Slimer has some English lessons in **This Toast is Ghost!** Slimer's grammar isn't always perfect, but this time he may be correct, there is something odd about that breakfast! Talking of odd, there are some extremely strange goings on when Peter and Winston are called out to a genuine haunted house in **Ghost Buttrass!** The intrepid duo discover that there is more holding the decaying old mansion up than the rotting foundations. Quick! Read on before it falls down!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

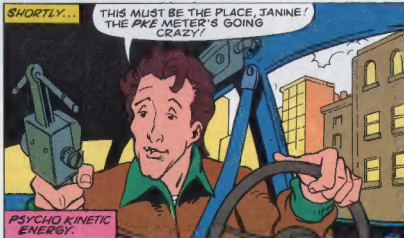
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



INSIDE...



SHORTLY...



MEANWHILE...



MINUTES LATER...

YOU'RE FRIENDLY
NEIGHBOURHOOD GHOST-
BUSTER HERE... I
BUST IF I MUST!

ABOUT TIME!
WE'VE GOT A GHOST
ON OUR LEDGE AND
HE KEEPS
JUMPING!

THERE
HE
GOO...



WE JUST MOVED
IN THIS MORNING,
AND THAT GHOST
HAS DONE NOTHING
BUT JUMP ALL
DAY!

HMM, VERY
INTERESTING!

THE CLEANER
TOLD US THAT IT'S
THE GHOST OF AN
OLD STOCKBROKER
WHO JUMPED FROM
THIS WINDOW BACK
IN 1929 DURING
THE WALL STREET
CRASH!



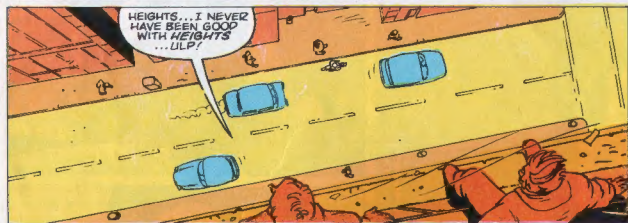
HERE GHOSTY GHOSTY!
UH-OH... NOW... UH...
COME DOWN OFF THE
LEDGE, OKAY?



BE GOOD NOW AND
DOCTOR VENKMAN
WILL PUT YOU IN THE
NICE CONTAINMENT
UNIT WITH LOTS OF
OTHER GHOSTS!



NO! YOU
CAN'T STOP
ME! I'M BROKE
... ALL MY MONEY
... I'M GOING
TO JUMP!



MEANWHILE.

OH, PLEASE
SIR. DON'T BE
AFRAID ON MY
ACCOUNT. I'LL
COME IN. I
WON'T JUMP, I
PROMISE!

EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT,
NOW, SEE? WE'RE SAFE
INSIDE... NOTHING TO
BE AFRAID OF!

THERE...
NEITHER OF
US WILL FALL,
AND I CAN
REST IN
PEACE!

BACK AT GHOSTBUSTERS' HQ...

HEY, PETER! SOUNDS
LIKE YOUR SOLO JOB
THIS MORNING WAS
A WALK IN THE
PARK!

SURE, RAY... BUT THE
FIRST STEP
WAS THE HARDEST.



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

JARGON

It has been mentioned to me that our fast-paced, technical language often leaves people behind. It might be useful if I printed a quick run down of some of our most useful and often repeated expressions to make them clear. You really can't be a Ghostbuster without them.

Charge 'em up! – Literally means 'fire up your Proton Guns!' but can be used to call the Ghostbusters to battle in other circumstances.

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Nice shooting, Tex. – A useful and very sarcastic thing to say to Winston when he has broken everything with his a) shooting b) driving c) singing.

No one steps on a church in my town! – The last warning you should declare before busting a demon of Class six or over.

Light is green! Trap is clean! – Rhyme used to remember the procedure for dumping trap contents into the containment unit.

Four Beam Cross – Tactical measure of caging a spook in the beams of all four Guns so as to lower it into the Trap.

Serious Trouble – see *Bad Crazyiness*



GUIDE

Cats and dogs... living together. – An expression of Peter's indicating that something is a little out of the ordinary.

Most unscientific – A phrase that can be applied to most busting encounters.

Useful Safety Tip – Something Peter says to me every time I tell him that the thing he is doing is likely to result in the end of the world or, at the very least, the total random distribution of all the molecules in our bodies.

W. P. P....now! – Traditional cry of Peter, literally meaning 'Get me a West Pier pizza with extra chilli and chopped apples now!'

We're going to have to hit you for four big ones! – Something Peter says to any client after we've busted their ghost.

Well, okay, we'll just take this Trap right back in and re-open it... – Something Peter says to clients who, after being told that we're going to have to hit them for four big ones, says "I didn't know it would be so much. I refuse to pay."

Containment Stream – Protonic stream acting in a 'fishing line' effect to reel the ghost in.

PART 39

Bad Crazyiness – see *Serious Trouble*

Split up! We can do more damage that way! – Straightforward, tactical advice.

Cross-rip of Biblical proportions. – A massive ectoplasmic intrusion into our cosmos.

This doesn't usually happen – A complete lie we are fond of using.

Picking up or dropping off? – Usual challenge uttered by Janine to any caller at HQ.

Total Protonic Reversal – disintegration of ecto-form by sustained Proton Gun fire.

EVERY
MONTH!

ALF

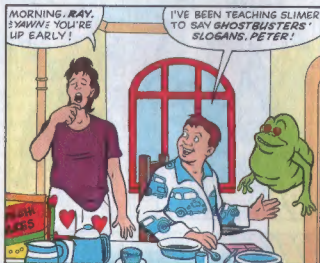
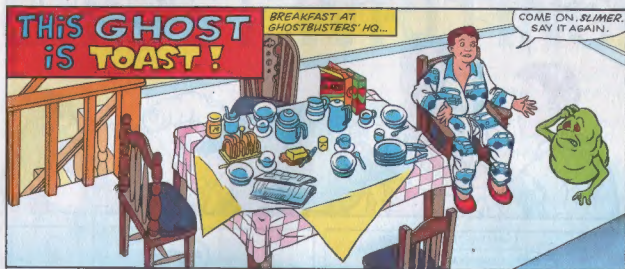
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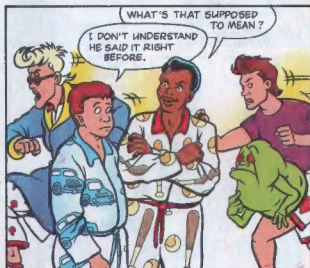
THE **FANTASTIC FUR**
HAS ARRIVED!

DOES
ANYONE KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO OUR
TABLECLOTH?

**DON'T MISS YOUR COPY OF ALF!
ON SALE IN NEWSAGENTS NOW!**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





GH~~OS~~T WRITING!



Hi there, folks. What can I say? The letters are coming in at such a furious rate, the postman's doing overtime and I'm wondering where my next pen's coming from! Well, here goes...

Dear Peter

I have some questions for you: Before you were born, were there other Ghostbusters? If not, what happened to the ghosts then? Also, what was the Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man before he was a ghost? — Kevin O'Mara, County Clare

There were indeed other Ghostbusters before our time, only they didn't have such a snappy business name, or all the scientific equipment and smart uniforms we have for that matter. They were more in the line of exorcists, who would try and help ghosts go across the great divide to their eternal rest. The ones that got away are still roaming the earth now, which is why so many ghosts appear to us in

historical clothing. The Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man was... yes, a Stay-Puft Marshmallow!

Why is Slimer always eating your food, and why does he stay the same size no matter how much he eats?

— Tom Gardiner, Hull

Slimer doesn't necessarily limit himself to eating just our food, anything goes as far as he's concerned. I think he manages to retain his sylph-like figure by whizzing about so fast in search of his next meal!

I would like to ask you why there are no ghosts in Britain?

— Nathan Robertson, Grimsby

I'm not sure where you got this idea from, Nathan. Ghosts are a world-wide phenomenon. We just happen to carry out our business in America. You can see from our amazing and chilling 'Dead True!' page the kind of paranormal activity which emanates from Britain.

I have some questions about ECTO-1:

1. Can ECTO-1 do stunts?
2. Can ECTO-1 go up hills?
3. Has ECTO-1 ever had a nasty crash?

— Richard Robinson, Malvern

1. As far as I know, ECTO-1 has never had yearnings to run away and join a circus or to jump over twenty buses and things of that nature. 2. It depends what you mean by a hill. Are we talking ant-hills or the Pyrenees here? 3. Not that I know of, although there's a first time for everything. Gulp.

Here are my questions for you:

1. How much food could Slimer eat in one bite?
 2. Why do you hate Slimer?
 3. Why is Egon so brainy?
- Stephen Ryan, County Kildare

1. Well, at a guess, Stephen, I'd say Slimer could swallow the contents of a well-stocked fridge in one bite. 2. I don't always hate Slimer, but when I do, it's because he has just eaten the contents of our well-stocked fridge. 3. Some people are just born with an extra capacity for deep thought. He also gives his brain a lot of exercise with all his scientific experiments.

1. What was the very first ghost you busted?
2. How many ghosts have you busted?

— Peter Walsh, Ardrossan

1. Slimer was the first successful bust, although he was later let out of the containment unit by a roving Environmental Health Officer. 2. How many hot dinners have you had? Sorry, I've lost count.

1. Is Dana the girl who changed into a dog in the Ghostbusters film?
2. In the film, Winston had a moustache, but in the cartoon he hasn't got one. Why is this?

— Henry Farrow, Kirby

1. Strange as it may seem, Dana did indeed turn into a raving terror dog. Pretty clever trick, huh? 2. Has it never occurred to you, Henry, that Winston's moustache wasn't necessarily a permanent feature?

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT** Art **ANTHONY WILLIAMS** Colouring **HELEN**

Monday, March the 6th, 1989

Peter and I were really getting into the film we were watching when the phone rang. As we were watching *You Only Live Twice*, it was quite appropriate that the call came from Vincent Malpaso at the American Society for Reincarnated Souls. Vince and Peter went way back. They'd known each other at Weaver Hall University, and while Peter had been doing his research into spooks, Vince had been publishing his first pamphlet on past-life memories. Even back then, Vince had insisted that he was the reincarnation of an 1880's cowboy called Agnes Westwood. A confused 1880's cowboy.

"What do you want, Agnes?" asked Peter. "Look, we've just got to the bit where Bond and the men in grey boiler suits attack the men with red boiler suits. Can't it wait?"

"No", replied Vincent Malpaso. "It's very important, Peter. Besides, Bond wins."

"How do you know?" asked Peter.

"I've seen it before", replied Vince, in the sort of ominous voice that Vince uses when he is going to pull his 'I-have-lived-before-and-thus-am-wiser-than-you' line. "One of our society members is having trouble. Can you get over to deal with him? He's waiting for you at the Metropolitan Art Gallery."

"How will we know him?" asked Peter.

"He'll be the one with the reincarnation in his buttonhole", snapped Vince. "Look, his names's Hugh Jeers, and you'll know him because his got the most god-awful ghost with him. I'll see you there in a minute ...okay?"

Things were pretty quiet at the Metropolitan Gallery ... it was deserted ... brochures had been left where they were dropped ... curators' chairs lay overturned where they had fallen when their occupants scarpered ... an audio tour was still droning on about Van Gogh for the benefit of visitors who had run screaming out of the gallery fifteen minutes earlier.

We found Mr. Jeers in the Italian Hall.

He was a small, sad-looking man with large ears – a fact that must have been a misery to him all his life.

"Hugh Jeers?" asked Peter, with what I thought under the circumstances was a brave effort not to laugh, "We're The Real Ghostbusters. Do you have a problem?"

Jeers nodded and pointed behind him. His problem had been standing some way away where we had not noticed it at first. His problem was an unnecessarily ugly spook about eight feet tall that stood shimmering in a haze of yellowish fumes. It had enormous ears.

"Whoa!" Peter said to me quietly, "That's ugly!" He reached for his Proton Gun, but as he did so the spook slithered forward.

"Wait!" moaned the ghost. "Can't we talk about this. It's bad enough discovering you've been reincarnated as a complete loser. Being blasted into my component molecules I can live without!"

"Live?" asked Peter.

"Okay, okay ... I use the word metaphorically. Will you give me a break, guys?" The ghost wiggled his enormous ears in an imploring way.

"Go on", I ventured with my best 'this-had-better-be-good' expression on!" This had better be good."

The ghost shrugged. "I am ... was Bertalucci Fetuccini. I lived during the Renaissance in Italy. I was a talented painter, swordsman, horseman, poet, sculptor and amateur magician. Before I died, I cast a spell to allow my ghost a few hours on earth to see how my reincarnation is getting along. I'll be gone in a little while anyway. To be honest, I've seen enough. This guy's a joke. What a loser!"

Peter and I turned to look at Jeers. Jeers shrugged. "What can I say?" he piped in a thin, reedy voice. I didn't ask to be the reincarnation of Mr. Whiz-kid 1550. This thing just turned up in my life about three hours ago and started having a go at me for being boring. It takes me by surprise a bit, you know. 'Smarten yourself up', he tells me, 'Call that a shirt?' He says I'm a disgrace to his memory. Says I'll never do

anything that'll amount to much. So, it's true! I don't want fame! I despise talent! Why can't he leave me alone?"

The ghost wrung his limbs in despair. "What did I tell you? Hopeless! He even gets himself a ridiculous name! Saints have mercy!"

"Why are we in an art gallery?" asked Peter.

"That was his idea," said Jeers glumly. "He brought me here to show me how good-a-painter he had been and really rub in my lack of talent."

"You painted this?" Peter asked the ghost, pointing to a big portrait on the wall.

"Sure did", answered the ghost smugly. "Self-portrait. What do you think?"

It certainly was a beautiful painting, showing an Italian courtier standing in a studio with a paint brush in hand, surrounded by books, maps, fencing foils, and an unnecessary number of glamorous women. There was just something about it ...

"There's just something about it ...", said Peter.

"What?" said the ghost.

"The painting shows one improvement that your reincarnation has made."

"WHAT?" said the ghost.

"How can I put it?" mused Peter. "Where Mr. Jeers is ...blessed, you were ...well, over-generously provided for!"

"What?" said the ghost.

"EARS", said Peter, leaning forward conspiratorially. "The painting clearly shows that Bertalucci Fetuccini had the most outrageously large EARS!"

"Am I hearing you right?" squeaked the spook.

"I'd be surprised if you weren't!" smirked Peter. Let me make it clear. For all Fetuccini was gifted and rich and talented, nothing can get away from the fact that he had the biggest lugs in Italy. He had stupendous acoustic apparatus! When it came to eavesdropping, Fetuccini was better equipped than most! He had less of a good ear for music and more of a good ear for holding parties in! He was in earshot of most of Europe! He had no

trouble at all listening! When people wanted to give him an earful, they had to prepare their speech for three months in advance ...need I go on?"

"Not really", replied the ghost.

"Right. So, stop bothering this man when you're not so perfect yourself Big-ears!"

"Well, really!" snapped the ghost, and vanished.

Soon after, Vince turned up. "It's all over, Agnes!" announced Peter.

"Peter insulted the ghost until it went away", I said.

"Look, Mr. ...Jeers. There is one thing", Peter said, drawing the glum little man to one side. "I hope that nothing I said ... upset you in any way. You know ...references to ...um ...ears and all."

"Nope", said Jeers blandly. "It did the trick. I'm just glad to see the last of me, that's all."

Peter breathed a relieved sigh.

"There is one thing, though ..." Jeers added.

"What?", we all asked warily.

Hugh Jeers shrugged. "What did the ghost mean when he said I'd even got myself a ridiculous name?"

Agnes looked at me. I looked at Peter. Peter looked back at me and Agnes and sighed when he saw it was up to him.

"Well," he said at last, "Have you ever met an Italian called Hugh?"



DEAD TRUE!



Have you ever pondered, dear reader, upon what a ghost actually is? Normally it is thought of as being the manifestation of a once-mortal organism. However, this isn't always the case. Paranormal activity has been known to emanate from inanimate objects... such as cars! One mechanical monster in particular, is known to have belonged to Archduke Franz Ferdinand. The blood-red, six-seat, open tourer was acquired when a diplomatic trip to the Bosnian capital of Sarajevo was organised for the Archduke and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenburgh, in 1914. The car was a splendid sight,

The Duke clearly had an eye for a 'natty set of wheels'.

No-one foresaw, upon the royal couples' arrival, the terror which was about to unfold. As the car swept through the streets, a fanatical assassin leapt onto the running board of the car and shot the Archduke and his wife, laughing as he did so.

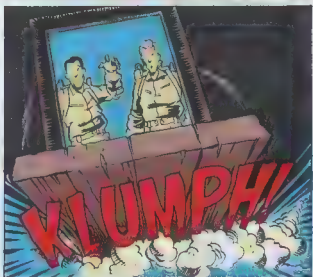
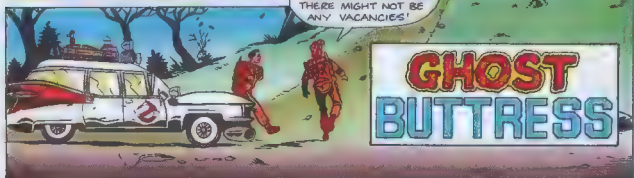
This was the incident which sparked off the First World War, which was to claim the lives of twenty million people.

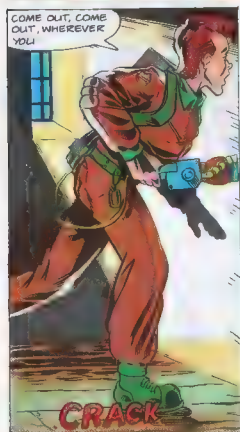
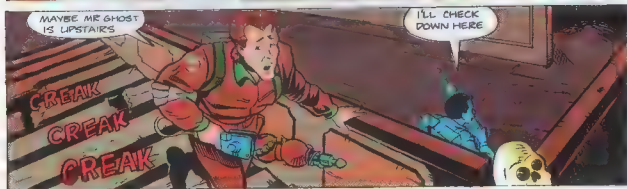
From this moment onwards, a stream of horrific events surrounded the vehicle. Firstly, the car passed into the hands of the Governor of Yugoslavia, who, after four accidents and the loss of his right arm, wanted nothing more to do with the cursed conveyance. A friend of his, Dr. Strikis, then drove it until it was found overturned with the Doctor's body crushed underneath. The next vic-

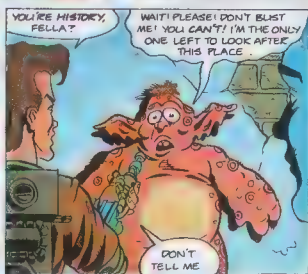
tim was a racing driver, who was thrown over a wall in a road-race and died of a broken neck. Then, after running over two farmers and killing five people in a head-on smash, the vehicle was finally shipped to a museum in Vienna. There, it was affectionately cared for by Karl Brunner, the museum's attendant, who indulged himself in relating the car's eerie history to the visitors.

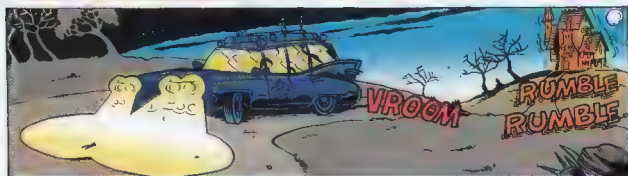
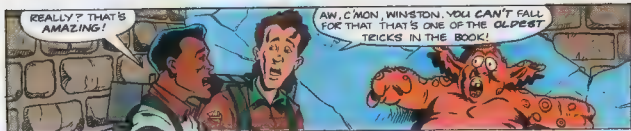
The car's history came to an uncanny end during World War Two, when the museum was bombed... and... gulp... the car and Karl Brunner disappeared without trace! Or did it?

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









OTTO VON DANZAG'S CIRCUS

Contrary to popular opinion, the circus isn't necessarily always a lot of fun. Otto Von Danzag's for instance. This set of grisly ghosties were extremely awkward when it came to saying goodbye and thanks, but no-thanks, for the Proton Guns. It took all four Ghostbusters, and an impressive, but dangerous four-beam cross to finally send them on their merry way. Apparently, the circus as a whole was the phantom, so busting each individual horror was totally ineffectual. The show was most definitely over for the skeletal entertainers.



BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



SLIMER IS DREAMING
ABOUT HIS FAVOURITE
SUBJECT...

ZZZZZZ

FOOD!!

BIG
BANGER!
YUP!!

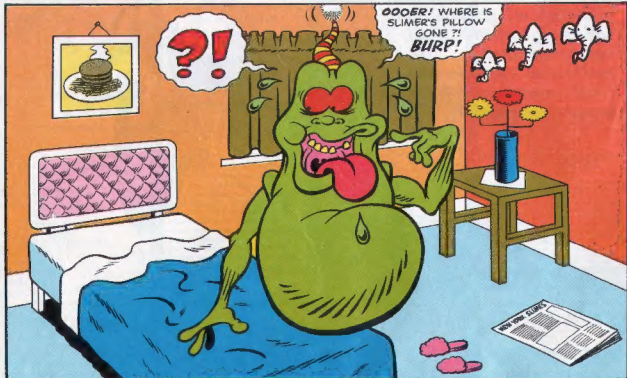
YUMMY!
YUMMY!

SLURP!
MUNCH!

WHAT A LIVERY
DREAMEEE!

OOOER! WHERE IS
SLIMER'S PILLOW
GONE?!

BURP!



Story **BAMBOS** Art and Lettering **BAMBOS** Colouring **HEL**

HOT STUFF!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 208** It's Armageddon in the Arctic as the Autobots, responding to a distress call, meet the Decepticons! Don't miss part 1 of *Dark Star*, by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt. Also find out just what it is that Starscream has been after all this time!

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 39** Peter and Egon find themselves in the money in *Ghoul Street Crash*, by Flaxman and Wildman. Even the breakfast isn't safe in *This Ghost is Toast*, by Brenner and Elliot, and there's a ghost in need of support in *Ghost Buttress*, by Brenner and Williams.

☐ **ACTION FORCE 10** Not one, not two, not three, but FOUR great stories! Thrill to *Blood Brothers* by Rimmer and Johnson, *BATS Out Of Hell* by Rimmer, Marshall and Harwood, *War Correspondent* by Rimmer (again?), Wildman and Baskerville, and *Run to Ground*, by Furman, Hopgood and Harwood.

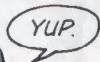
☐ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 9** The cataclysmic conclusion to the N.U.R.S.E. saga! As Dragon and Slaughterhouse battle for the amusement of N.U.R.S.E.'s maniacal Matron, the Claws must form a decidedly uneasy alliance... with the Evil Dead! **Treatment** is by Furman and Senior.

DON'T MISS...

☐ **THUNDERCATS 94** There's lots to read and do in this week's new look issue, with part 3 of *Astral Prison* by Rimmer, Wetherell and Baskerville, a Snarf puppet to make, a Cheetara poster, and a new jokes page! Also a text story by Abnett, *Clockwork Chaos*.

ON SALE NOW!

**JUST
WHO ARE
THE SLEEZE
BROTHERS...?**



**...AND
WHAT ARE
THEY DOING
ON THIS
PAGE?**